

Dear Mr. Dan Rather

6-23-2000

I'M A FIFTY-TWO YEAR OLD HOMELESS MAN LIVING AT THE MOMENT IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA. I'VE BEEN RECEIVING MONTHLY S.S.I. CHECKS FOR TWENTYSIX YEARS (INITIALLY A.T.D., OR AID TO THE TOTALLY DISABLED, WHEN I BOBBI), BUT SEVEN HUNDRED AND CHANGE REALLY ISN'T MUCH TO WORK WITH HERE AGAINST TODAY'S INFLATION.

I SUPPOSE I COULD SAY LIFE SIMPLY DEALT ME A RAW HAND, BORN OF HILLBILLY HERITAGE TO AN ALREADY INDEPENDENT, ALCOHOLIC FIFTEEN YEAR OLD FIERY-HEADED LITTLE WHORE THEY CALLED "CANDY," WHO MANAGED TO GET DID OF ME BY GETTING CAUGHT RED-HANDED TRYING TO SELL ME ON THE STREET, AND THEN RAISED BY HER NEAR-ILLITERATE SIMPLEMINDED MOTHER AND EVEN POORER EDUCATED BRUTISH STEPFATHER. AND I STRONGLY SUSPECT, DESPITE THE NAME ON MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE, THAT I MAY WELL BE MY GRANDFATHER'S SON.

THERE WERE ABUSES. AND ILL-EQUIPPED TO COPE WITH SOCIETY'S INITIAL EXPECTATIONS I REBELLED, JUST WENT WILD, AND AFTER ABOUT SIX PARASTS, SPENT MOST OF MY FIFTEENTH YEAR IN REFORM SCHOOL. NOTHING EVER THAT SERIOUS, REALLY. PROPERTY CRIMES. ILL-FATED WAKES. AND I WOULD GO ON TO DO A COUPLE MORE STINTS IN REFORMATORIES.

AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE, TURNING NINETEEN IN THE PRESTON SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT PROGRAM, MY THERAPIST HUSTLED TO HAVE ME PAROLED TO BERKELEY JUST AS THE SUMMER OF LOVE WAS BEGINNING TO BLOSSOM IN 1967, AND ACTUALLY SET ME UP WITH A FRIEND OF HIS IN MARIN FOR MY VERY FIRST L.S.D. TRIP?

IT WAS THEN, AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN, SEEING NO REAL FUTURE, THAT I HONESTLY BEGAN MAKING THE SINCERE EFFORT TO TURN MY LIFE AROUND, DID TURN MY LIFE AROUND, ONLY TO BE CRUELLY FRAMED (WHICH I BELIEVE CAN STILL BE PROVED) BY A COUPLE ROGUE COPS FOR THE SALE OF ONE OUNCE OF MARIJUANA, AND NEXT FIND MYSELF DOING A FIVE YEARS TO LIFE, INDETERMINATE SENTENCE, MINIMUM ELIGIBLE PAROLE HEARING THREE YEARS, IN SOLEDAD PRISON. "GLADIATOR SCHOOL," IT WAS CALLED. IN THE YEAR OF THE "SOLEDAD BROTHERS" INCIDENT—THROWING A GUARD OFF THE UPPER TIER TO HIS DEATH, I BELIEVE THEIR WERE SEVEN MORE GUARDS AND TWENTYTHREE INMATES WHO ALSO DIED BY CONVICT HANDS. AND WALKING THAT LINE COMPLETELY ALONE, WANTING NO PART OF THE AEGIS OF THE ARYAN BROTHERHOOD, IT WAS FOR ME, AS YOU MAY IMAGINE, FAR FROM A CAREFREE TIME. ALMOST FOUR YEARS.

BUT I *ALSO* HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO RELIGIOUSLY BEGIN MY OWN SELF-EDUCATION. I PAINFULLY REMEMBER BEING UNABLE TO EVEN THINK IN COMPLETE SENTENCES AT THE TIME, AND DISTURBED ABOUT HOW MY MIND WORKED, OR WHY IT WAS THE WAY IT WAS, AND HAVING NOTHING BUT TIME, I BEGAN ON MY OWN AT THE MEAGER PRISON LIBRARY BY LOOKING IT UP UNDER "M" FOR MIND, THE WORD PSYCHOLOGY TOO ELUSIVE.

I SUPPOSE I COULD EVEN BLAME THAT YOUTH AUTHORITY PSYCHOLOGIST FOR HIS CLANDESTINE WILL IN ONENESS TO TURN ME ON TO L.S.D., WHICH WOULD RUN INTO THOUSANDS OF TRIPS IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING, UNTIL IT NO LONGER HAD AN EFFECT ON ME. IT WOULD APPEAR I "TURNED ON, TUNED IN, DROPPED OUT," AND

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NEVER QUITE MADE IT BACK, AND AS YOU MAY SURMISE, I'M NO DOUBT EVALUATED AS BEING BUT ONE OF THE MANY TRAGEDIES ASSOCIATED WITH ACID AT THAT TIME, TOO NUMEROUS TO TRULY CARE FOR, AND UNCELEBRATIONOUSLY DUMPED BACK ONTO THE STREETS TO FEND BEST THEY CAN, BLAMING BUDGET. I DID SAY THEY, AND NOT *WE*.

THINKING OF THE EGYPTIANS AND THEIR "SOMA," THE GREEK RITES OF ELEUSIS AND ITS ECSTASY, THE AZTECS PEYOTE, THE INCA'S MUSHROOMS, I IMAGINED THAT AT ONE TIME THESE PSYCHEDELICS CONSTITUTED A VERY IMPORTANT "VITAMIN" IN THE MAKEUP OF OUR NATURAL DIET THAT SUPPLEMENTED THE FLOWERING OF OUR PSYCHES WITH ILLUMINATIONS OF CONTEXT, RELATIVITY, VITAL TO THE EVOLUTION OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS.

THAT CATCH-PHASE OF THE SIXTIES—TURN ON, ETC.—YOU KNOW. BY THE END OF THAT DECADE, IN TOLD, SPIRITUALLY UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF THAT RELATIVITY'S RE-AWAKENING, L.S.D. CASUALTIES STATISTICALLY FILLED UP EVERY OTHER HOSPITAL BED IN THE NATION, (NOW S.S.I.) RECIPIENTS. YOU SAW WHAT IT DID TO A FEW OF YOUR INY LEAGUE EDUCATED PEERS.

THUS THE SHIBBOLETH OF THE EARLY SEVENTIES BECAME, "FUCK UP, FLIP OUT, CRAP! BACK!" BUT I SUBMIT TO YOU THAT IT IS TO THE RIGHT-BRAIN ILLUMINATIONS GERMINATED IN THE PSYCHELIZATION OF THAT GENERATION THAT WE NOW OWE OUR RECENT GREATER ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS AND GREATER INTERSPECIES COMPASSION FOR OTHERS. AND I ONLY MENTION THIS, MR. RATHER, BECAUSE IT DOES HAVE SOME BEARING ON MY PURPOSE FOR WRITING.

TRUE, I AM CERTIFIED AS LUNATIC, WITH A LONG COLORFUL HISTORY OF ARRESTS AND EVALUATIONS; I OWN NO MORE THAN I CAN CARRY AND HAVE SLEPT WITH THE MOSQUITOES FOR YEARS, NO FAMILY OR REAL FRIENDS TO SPEAK OF, OBVIOUSLY *APPEARING* TO BE A CASUALTY. BUT THE *REAL* FACT OF THE MATTER IS, I COULDN'T HAVE ASKED FOR A BETTER LIFE, AND WOULDN'T TRADE A SINGLE MOMENT OF IT FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

AS A RESULT OF THAT SANDOZ LABORATORY DOSE I TOOK IN MAY OF 1967, I DID COMPLETELY TURN MY LIFE AROUND TO BECOME THE MAN I AM TODAY (?), AND THE RECORD WILL SHOW, PRISON OR NO PRISON, I'VE BEEN A VERITABLE SWEETHEART EVER SINCE.

OF COURSE THERE HAVE STILL BEEN MANY OTHER COLORFUL MOMENTS RECORDED OVER THE FOLLOWING YEARS, SUCH AS THE TIME I WAS PICKED UP HITCH-HIKING NAKED JUST OUTSIDE OF THE STATE CAPITAL—HERE ON FATHERS DAY AND WRONGLY CHARGED WITH SPORTING A LETHAL ERECTION. OR ENDEAVORING, AND HARDLOWINGLY FAILING, TO SWIM UNANNOUNCED ON MY LONESOME FROM BERKELEY MARINA TO SAUSALITO. THROWING MYSELF IN FRONT OF THE WHEELS OF A SPEEDING ONCOMING VEHICLE TO DEMONSTRATE A POINT. OFFERING A COP A TOKE, ETCETERA. BUT THESE WERE MORE THE LAUGHABLE RESULTS OF MODERN EXPERIMENT ON MY PART—INTENTIONALLY TESTING THE BOUNDARIES OF PRESENTLY BELIEVED REALITY, IF YOU WILL—GONE AWAY.

BUT WHAT THE RECORDS DO NOT SHOW, BUT SHED INDIVULGABLE LIGHT ON SUCH EXPERIMENTATION—SUCH "RANDOM ACTS OF MADNESS"—IS THE HISTORY OF THE CONTEXT IN WHICH THEY OCCURRED. AND HERE IS WHERE I KNOW I RISK LOSING YOU.

I APPLIED FOR A.T.D. IN 1974, AND WAS INITIALLY TURNED DOWN. I

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INTRODUCED MYSELF TO THE PSYCHOLOGIST MAKING THE EVALUATION AS JESUS CHRIST: "ON THE PLANET ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS, CAN'T DO IT WHILE DIGGING DITCHES!" THE MAN MAY REMEMBER. HE SAID, "EXPLAIN!" I DID. WHEN I FINISHED, HE MARVELLED, AND SAID, "YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN A STUDENT OF METAPHYSICS FOR SOME YEARS, AND THIS IS MOST INTERESTING. I CAN'T HONESTLY QUALIFY YOU AS HANDICAPPED IN THIS RESPECT, BECAUSE AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, EVERYTHING YOU JUST SAID MADE PERFECTLY GOOD SENSE."

(THE SECOND TIME I APPLIED I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAY ANYTHING BEFORE BEING GIVEN THE UTMIMUM OF A SEXUAL PROPOSITION, *ALL BUSINESS*, WHICH I INSTANTLY TURNED DOWN, AND SO WAS AGAIN DENIED. BUT WHEN I APPLIED THE *THIRD* TIME I *DIDN'T* INTRODUCE MYSELF, AND MERELY ASKED IT BE CONSIDERED A "POOR MAN'S GRANT" FOR THE SOLE SAKE OF CONTINUING MY SELF-EDUCATION, NOTHING MORE, AND *VOILA!*)

AND THEN 1978? WHEN A WOMAN NAMED OLGA, WHO I MET BY CHANCE DURING HER VISIT TO BERKELEY, AND WHOSE HUSBAND—AN OVERSEER IN ONE OF THE MAJOR SWISS BANKS DECIDING THE AMOUNTS OF LOANS MADE TO THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES—JUST SO HAPPENED TO BE A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE POPE (ALL THIS CONFIDED AFTER INTRODUCING MYSELF), *INTRIGUED*, ADMITTED SHE WASN'T PERSONALLY QUALIFIED TO MAKE A JUDGEMENT, "NOT BEING AN INTELLECTUAL," BUT DID MAKE THE OFFER TO PIT ME AGAINST A VERY DEAR FRIEND OF HERS WHO'D STUDIED TWENTY YEARS EARLIER TO BECOME A JESUIT PRIEST. "HE'S AN INTELLECTUAL," SHE SAID. "MY HUSBAND IS ALSO AN INTELLECTUAL, SO TELL YOU WHAT, IF YOU CAN CONVINCE MY FRIEND TO SAY YES TO YOUR CLAIM, I'M SURE YOU COULD NO DOUBT CONVINCE MY HUSBAND, WHO COULD PERSONALLY PROVIDE YOU WITH AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE, AND I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO TREAT YOU BOTH TO SWITZERLAND FOR THAT OCCASION."

I ACCEPTED THAT CHALLENGE, MET HER FRIEND THE NEXT EVENING, AND WON THAT YES: "YES," I WOULD ACCEPT THIS MAN AS JESUS CHRIST. "SHAMEFULLY," I IMMEDIATELY ABANDONED SHIP WITHOUT A BY YOUR LEAVE, NOT LOOKING BACK, IN COMPLETE SHOCK MIND YOU, HAVING ACTUALLY CRACKED A REAL OCCA, *KNOWING* I WASN'T NEARLY IN GOOD ENOUGH SHAPE AT THAT TIME TO SUCCESSFULLY FOLLOW THROUGH. I'M NOT EVEN SURE I SAID ANYTHING WHEN I JUST GOT UP AND WALKED OUT.

UNFORTUNATELY I NEVER LEARNED OLGA'S LAST NAME, NOR THE LAST NAME OF HER FRIEND JAMES, BUT AT LEAST HE CAN BE TRACED BY RECORDS NO LONGER AVAILABLE TO ME, SINCE HE WAS GIVING A LECTURE IN TIBETAN BUDDHISM AT THE TIME (WHICH OLGA FLEW IN TO ATTEND), AT THE PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVES).

AND THEN AGAIN, IN 1981 WAS IT? WHEN I WAS RECOGNIZED BY A BISHOP OF THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH, WHO BEGAN TO LAY A SMALL WORLD FORTUNE AT MY FEET? IF I'M A BIT TOUCHY ABOUT MENTIONING HIS NAME AT THIS TIME, I'LL SAY IT BECAUSE I DECIDED TO TEST HIS INTEGRITY BEFORE GOING TOO FAR WITH HIM, AND BEFORE PARTING, FOUND MYSELF SUDDENLY SURROUNDED BY SICILIANS BEING VICIOUSLY PISTOL-WHIPPED AND ALMOST KILLED, AS A FAVOR TO HIM—SIMPLY PROVING A POINT—IN HIS SERENE SMILING PRESENCE, AND I'M NOT SURE HE'S STILL ALIVE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, THERE STILL BEING INNOCENT WITNESSES I CAN PRODUCE. AND, ON YES, I VERIFIED THIS MAN.

AND THEN IN 1990? IT WOULD BE HARD TO BELIEVE... A LEGAL PAGEANT, SCHEDULED FOR EASTER DAY OF 1991, FROM GOLDEN GATE PARK DOWN THE HAIGHT TO THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIC CENTER, WITH COVERAGE BY

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ALL THE MAJOR NETWORKS ESSENTIALLY GUARANTEED, PLUS BBC'S CHANNEL FOUR, FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN TO GIVE ME A SHOT AT WHAT WAS UNANIMOUSLY AGREED WOULD BE "A SHOT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD!" TO BE PUBLICLY ADDRESSED TO POPE JOHN PAUL II. AGAIN AS JESUS, ONLY THIS TIME SANS METAPHYSICS.

THE SIGNATURES I HAD ON BOARD AT THAT TIME INCLUDE AN ACCLAIMED ZOETROPE FILM-MAKER WHO WORKED WITH FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA DEVELOPING ZOETROPE STUDIOS AND "APOCALYPSE NOW," NOTED EDITOR AND GODSON TO TIMOTHY LEARY; ONETIME ACTIVIST AND GOOD FRIEND OF AL GORE'S PRESENT SCIENCE ADVISOR; AND MANY OTHERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE GULF WAR SUDDENLY ERUPTED AMIDST OUR NECESSARY COURTING OF OTHER ALREADY ESTABLISHED GROUPS IN THE CITY, AND WE WERE QUICKLY SWEEP ASIDE BY ALL THE SUDEN ACTIVIST FRENZY. *OBVIOUSLY NOT TIME*, SAID CIRCUMSTANCE. ASK MADELINE MUIR, EX-ON-THE-AIR D.C. NEWSCASTER, THREE TIMES OSCAR-NOMINATED FOR HER ACTIVIST DOCUMENTARY WORK. (SHE'S THE ONE, ALONG WITH A BBC JOURNALIST FRIEND OF MINE ALSO PRESENT WHO GUARANTEED THE MEDIA COVERAGE, ALONG WITH POSSIBLY RAUKING SUPPORT FOR THE EVENT IN EUROPE TOO, HAD WE MADE IT THAT FAR.) NO FINER HUMAN BEING, SHE ACTUALLY GAVE IT MORE THAN I DID, MYSELF BEING, AS I CAN NOW SEE IN RETROSPECT, STILL FAR TOO GREEN...

BEING STILL VERIFIABLE, I BELIEVE THAT THESE LAST COUPLE THINGS ALONE LEAD TO A MOST INTERESTING STORY, NOT TO MENTION OTHER CHAPTERS NOT MENTIONED, BUT WHAT IS OF GREATER IMPORTANCE HERE, CHARACTER I MAY APPEAR TO BE, IS THAT I ACTUALLY *DO* HAVE AN EXCEPTIONALLY RARE INSIGHT TO CONTRIBUTE, AND AS A BREAKTHROUGH, AN UNEXPECTED INTELLECTUAL TRIUMPH—ENIGMATIC RELIGION'S, I.E. DIVINITY'S MISSING "ROSETTA STONE"—I CANNOT STRESS ENOUGH HOW *INESTIMABLE* ITS VALUE AS THE PROMISING PANACEA FOR THE STILL DARK UNREST OF OUR AS YET DEEPLY TROUBLED WORLD.

IN SHORT, I ACTUALLY FOUND THAT VITAL MISSING THING THAT JUNG HIMSELF HAD FAILED TO FIND, AS HE LAMENTED IN HIS "UNDISCOVERED SELF," AND WHICH HE UNCHARACTERISTICALLY RAGED WAS HUMANITY'S ONLY REAL HOPE FOR COLLECTIVE DELIVERANCE. AND IT IS, AS MYTHICAL AS ITS BEEN BELIEVED, THE ONE TRUE GENUINE "KEY OF IT ALL!" NOW EXTANT, BOTH ENLIGHTENING, AND EMPOWERING, AS SOMEWHAT HINTED ABOVE.

THIS IS TO SAY, AGAIN, A HITHERTO *MISSING PERSPECTIVE*, ACCESSIBLE TO UNCOMMON COMMON SENSE, QUITE CAPABLE OF RECONCILING RELIGION—MAKE THAT RELIGIONS *PLURAL*—AND TODAY'S CUTTING-EDGE SCIENCE.

HARD TO IMAGINE, MUCH LESS THAN BELIEVE, I KNOW. BUT THIS IS THE REVELATION, EVER EVOLVING, I HAVE BEEN *SOLELY* DEVOTED TO THIS LAST HALF OF MY LIFE, *FINE TUNING IT*, PRACTICALLY TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL ELSE—NO CONCERTS, SPORTS, PARTYING, MATING RITUALS... AND THOUGH I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T MIND SUCCEEDING AGAINST ALL ODDS IN SUCH A POTENTIALLY WORLD ENLIGHTENING MESSIANIC BID, FOR OBVIOUS EFFECTIVE REASON, I *STILL HAVE AS YET TO GET IT OUT THERE*, AND I AM ADMITTEDLY BEGINNING TO DESPAIR THAT IT MAY JUST END UP BEING LOST ONCE AGAIN IN THE WOOD.

PLEASE EXCUSE THE SIMILE, BUT IN THE FIELD OF METAPHYSICS I FIND MYSELF ESSENTIALLY IN MUCH THE SAME PREDICAMENT AS EINSTEIN BEFORE THE NEAR NONEXISTENT FEW CONFIRMED HIM INTELLEGIBLE. NOT THAT I CAN'T QUICKLY AND NOEPTLY DEMONSTRATE MY TRIUMPHANT THEOREM IN A SNAP TO ANYONE OLD ENOUGH TO REASON THAT THEY MAY SEE IT, BUT NOONE, AS YET, HAS FULLY GRASPED THE TRUE *INESTIMABLE* VALUE OF

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JUST EXACTLY WHAT THE HELL I'VE GOT HOLD OF HERE! AND IF ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD IS WORTH VALIDATING THIS HITHERTO FORGOTTEN BIT OF INFO IS *IT*. THE MISSING DEFINITIVE PERSPECTIVE OF ALL GREATER RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES BELIEVED UNASSAILABLE, INCLUDING CHRISTENDOM'S.

GOD. HEAVEN. CREATION. UNPRONOUNCABLE NAME. TRINITY. TREE OF LIFE. FALL. REDEMPTION. LIFE. DEATH. RESURRECTION. IMMORTALITY. YOU NAME IT. "INEFFABLE SPOKEN HERE." THROUGH A LENS "PERCEIVED DARKLY," MAY BE, YET—BY JOVE!—PERCEPTIBLE. BROWN-SMACKINGLY SENSIBLE. AND ILL BE DAMNED IF IT DOESN'T VALIDATE, DETRAINING NOTHING.

EINSTEIN MUST HAVE LOVED IT! CARL JUNG. TIELHARD DE CHARDIN. JOSEPH CAMPBELL. ON AND ON. BUT WHERE ARE THEY NOW? I HAVE THE RAW ORE HERE OF THE MYTHICAL ALCHEMICAL OOD, BUT MY YEARS OF LETTERS TO PRACTICALLY EVERY POSSIBLY RESONANT NAME OF NOTE, EVER OFFERING THE UNTOLD VALUE OF THIS LITTLE UNKNOWN CURRENCY, REMAIN TO THIS VERY DAY EFFECTIVELY IGNORED, UNDOUBTEDLY LONG INURED BY NUMEROUS SUCH "LUNATIC" CLAIMS OVER THE YEARS. VERY GUARDED, AND ITS UNDERSTANDABLE. ESPECIALLY. AND SO WHAT'S THE IDIOT HALF OF THIS SAVANT TO DO?

AND SO HERE I AM, NOW REACHING OUT TO YOU, MOST SINCERELY, DESPERATELY, IN NEED OF GUIDANCE.

MINE AT PRESENT IS A MOST AMBITIOUS DREAM, *ANXIOUS* TO DO SOME IMMEDIATE LEVERAGING NOW THAT ARCHIMEDES' FULCRUM HAS BEEN FOUND, AND THIS SO FAR THE ONLY REASON I'VE BEEN RELUCTANT TO PUBLISH, AS I TRULY BELIEVE THAT I CAN BE INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD IN SUCH A WAY AS TO DRAMATICALLY EFFECT THE MOST IMMEDIATE GOOD POSSIBLE, IN HARDLY NO TIME AT ALL. I.E., RATHER THAN JUST DROP IT INTO THE INFO-GLUT AND AWAIT THE INEVITABLE EVENTUAL RIPPING TOWARD GREATER COLLECTIVE

EMPOWERMENT, I WANT THIS THING TO MAKE ITS SURPRISING DEBUT, ITS SLASH, HITTING THE GROUND IN FULL LOCOMOTION, IN THE MOST INSPIRATIONALLY EXEMPLARY MANNER EVER. AND ALL THOSE QUIETLY POLLED ADMIT: IT MOST ASSUREDLY RANKS HIGH AMONG ALL THE "SCENES WED DEARLY LOVE TO SEE."

PROMISING TO REMEDY EVERYTHING IN OUR WORLD PRESENTLY TROUBLING OUR HEARTS' COUNTERNANCE.

BRUNO, *SEE* COPERNICUS, SIMPLY SAID, "LOOK AT IT THIS WAY!" AND WHAT WAS WAYWARD NOISE REVEALED A CELESTIAL SYMPHONY. MINE IS THE OFFERING OF A BRAND NEW UNKNOWN FACTOR, A NEW ZERO IF YOU WILL—A SIMPLE SYMBOL OF NO THING, YET ALLUDING GREAT POWERS—TO A YET ROMAN NUMERAL BOUND MENTALITY AS YET WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF THIS CALCULUS. MIGHT EVEN OPEN UP A WHOLE NEW WORLD.

MY PRESENT DILEMMA AGAIN IS SIMPLE. REMEMBER IT WAS MY SINCERE OATH TO THE *SOUL OF OUR WORLD* THAT I WOULD FIND A WAY TO END HER NEEDLESS SUFFERING, WHICH IS TO SAY TO COMFORT, TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE. AND AS AN IMMEDIATE RESULT PROVIDENCE MOVED TOO AND PROVIDED. BIG TIME! (WHICH WOULD CERTAINLY GIVE ONE ANNOYED PAUSE, EH? "TO BE OR NOT TO BE?") BUT TO MY CHAGRIN—PULL PUSH YANK BOUNCE ON THIS THING AS I MAY, I'M OBVIOUSLY A BIT TOO LIGHT IN THE AOS TO EFFECTIVELY

BUDGE LEVERAGE MOVE *FREE* THIS WHEEL OF WOE FROM THE PRESENT FLT ITS STUCK IN TO GIVE IT GREATER "PURCHASE," TRACTION, A MUCH NEEDED GRIP, TO HELP GET IT ON ITS WAY AGAIN TO THE WORLD IT DREAMS OF BEING.

FOR THIS IT'S GOING TO REQUIRE SOMEONE IN THE HEAVYWEIGHT

DIVISION WHO HAS THAT KIND OF MUSCLE (AND I CAN NAME HUNDREDS: YOURSELF, GATES, SPIELBERG, MCCARTNEY, ETCETERA). BUT NOT JUST ANY HEAVYWEIGHT MIND YOU, BUT SOMEONE WHO SO LOVES THE WORLD, WHOSE CONCERN FOR THE FUTURE OF OUR WORLD STILL KINDLES THIS HOPE, THIS HEART'S SAME PERVANT PRAYER (ADMITTEDLY RARE), SEEKING THE UNTRIED OPTION, AND, HOPEFULLY, "FROM MISSOURI!" LOGIC AND REASON MUST PREVAIL!

SANS NONSEQUITURS, I BELIEVE MY LOVE'S LABOR ALONE DESERVES THE BENEFIT OF THE QUESTION, THE AID TO JUSTLY PLEAD MY CASE AND PRESENT THIS MISSING KEY TO HEAVEN'S HIDDEN VAULT. THE KEY TO QUESTIONS YET UNANSWERED, SAID QUESTIONS ANSWERED, NOW REMOVED TO A WHOLE NEW PLATFORM OF QUESTIONING. NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE. AND I CAN DO THAT SONG AND DANCE, GIVEN THE SPACE TO DO SO, IN THE TIME YOU WATCH A MADE-OR-T.V. MOVIE, POSSIBLY NOT COUNTING COMMERCIALS. AND IF YOU'RE NOT THE LEAST BIT ENTHRALLED WITHIN THE FIRST TWENTY MINUTES, PLEASE FEEL FULLY FREE TO CURTALAIN AND BAIL! WITH MY SINCEREST BLESSING! I REPLY AM A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, AFTER ALL (ALMOST CONSIDERATE TO A FAULT), AS ANYONE WILL EASILY SEE, SINCE NO MATTER WHERE I AM, SUCH AS IT IS, OR NO MATTER WHO I'M WITH, I AM ALWAYS AMID THE PRESENCE OF THE DIVINE, "BEHOLDING," IN THE SELF-SAME MIGHT, THE SELF-ILLUMINED IMAGE OF THE MAKER, "SUCH AS YOU ARE, SUCH IS THE SINGLE ANIMA TO WHOM I AM SELF-DETRACHED."

AS THOSE WHOSE KNOWN ME CAN ATTEST (SEE "MESSIANIC RESUME"—UNSOLICITED—ENCLOSED), WHICH SHOULD ALSO ACCOUNT FOR SOMETHING. IF AT LEAST NOT BY OEDS, AT LEAST EVER ENDEAVORING TO DO SOMETHING. IF AT SO? I NOW LEAVE IT TO YOU..... MR. RATHER?

YOU? NOT YOU? BUT SOMEONE REAL, SOMEWHERE, YOU MIGHT POSSIBLY JUST BY CHANCE BE AWAKE OF?

Please? (I LOVE WHAT YOU DO, BY THE WAY, WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?)

D. E. Thompson
(AKA)

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